Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.
Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.
Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.
Shal. Be not diſmaid.
Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that but that I am affeard.
Qui. Hark ye, Maſter *Slender* would ſpeake a word with you
Anne. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice.
O what a world of vilde- ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeare?
Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.
Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father,
Slen. I had a father (Miſtris *Anne*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him; pray you Vncle, tel Miſtris *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vncle.
Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.
Slen. I that I doe, as well as I loue any woman in Gloceſterſhire.
Shal He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.
Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.
Shal. Hee will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.
Anne. Good Maſter *Shallow* let him woe for himſelfe.
Shal. Marry I thanke you for it, I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) ile leaue you.
Anne. Now Maſter *Slender*.
Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne*.
Anne. What is your will?
Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeed: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.